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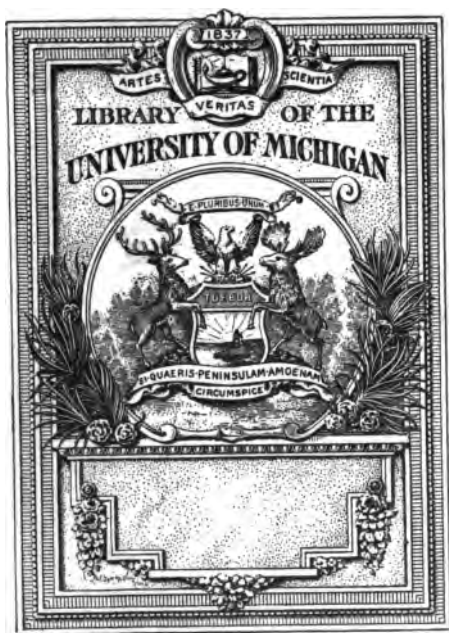
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JINGLES OF A JESTER

By
CHARLES T. GRILLEY

Illustrations by
W. H. D. KOERNER



PEARSON BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
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1907

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**To my fellow members and co-workers
of the Lyceum**

**WHO HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PRESENT
TO THE PUBLIC SOME OF
THESE SELECTIONS**

This volume is gratefully dedicated

189740

NOTE.

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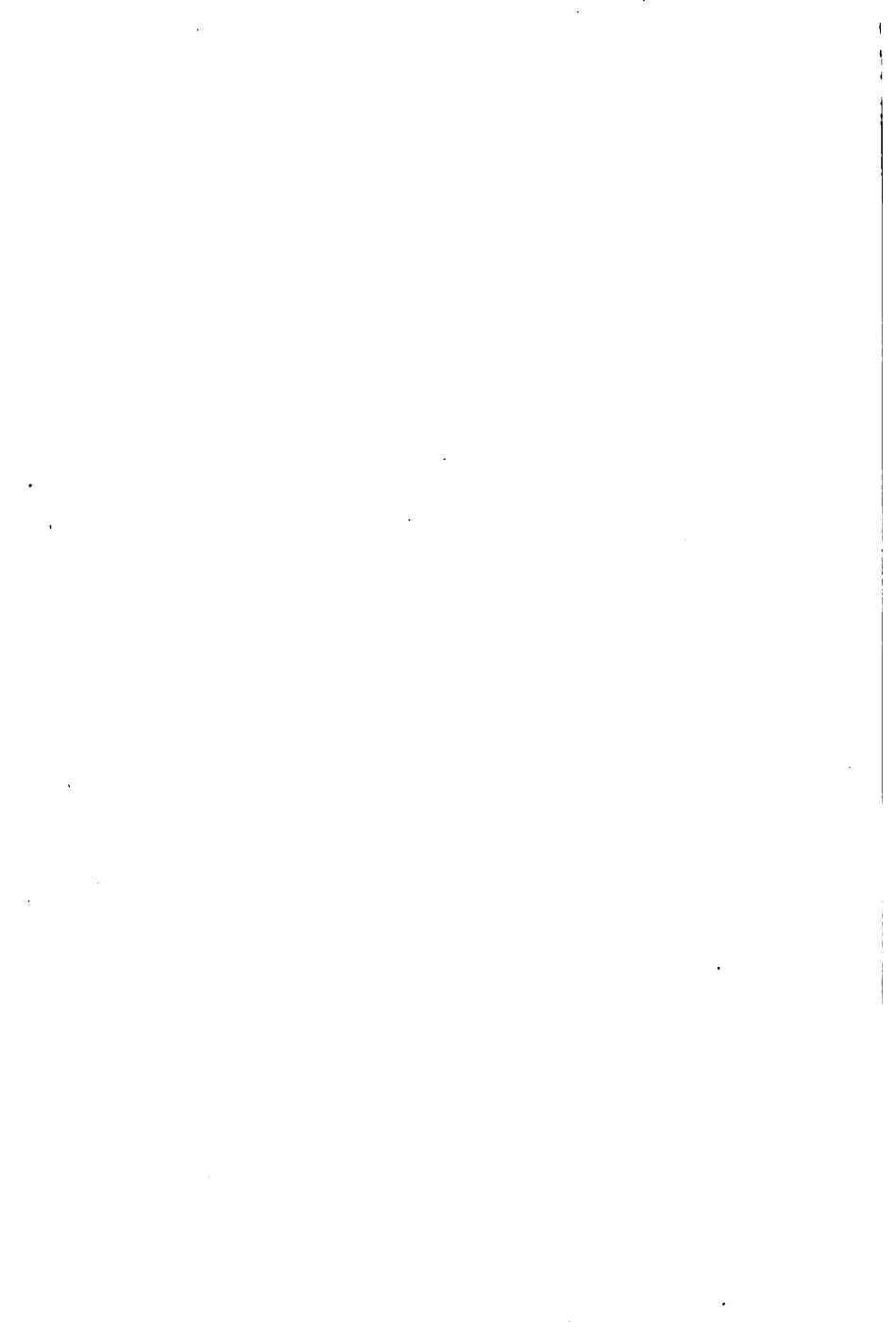
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PROEM.

*I could not call them poems, I would not
dare—*

*Should you think to criticise as such, beware!
I prefer to style them "jingles"; so Sir
Critic, if you know*

*When a jingler jingles proper, seize your
hammers, let 'er go.*





DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

Comin' 'roun' de cohnah am
de whitewashin' man ;
Take wahnin', li'l black
folks, wahnin' !

Brush on his shouldah, an' bucket in his
han' ;
Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

If he Leahns dat yo' sassy, dat yo' steal, or
yo' fight,
If yo' don't he'p yo' mammy, and do eva'-
ting dats right,
Yo' will fin' him by yo' bed on some dahk
an' dismal night ;
Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

If yo' bad, he can fin' yo', no mattah whah
yo' hide ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !
Wid his long-handle brush he will be da
by yo' side ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

If he heahs yo' complainin' 'bout de colah
ob yo' skin,

To a ghose he will tu'n yo' wif a coat ob
whitenin',

An' yo'll live in a graveyahd fo'evah fo'
yo' sin ;

So take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !



BACK HOME.

I want to git back home agin,
An' git there by th' quickest way ;
Back to good ol' Poseytown
I want to go, an' go to-day.

This city life may be all right
Fer them as likes its roar an' din ;
But as fer me, I've hed enough,
An' I want to git back home agin.

I'm sick of dodgin' 'lectric cars,
Of " Hayseed " here, an' " Rubber ! " there,
Of signs " Keep off the grass," an' rules,
An' seein' p'licemen everywhere.

BACK HOME.

I want to git my nerves cammed down,
An' stroll agin through th' village street,
An' feel th' breeze through th' swayin' elms
Where folks say, "How-dy," when they
meet.

I want to take my evenin' walk
Down to Holcomb's grocery store,
An' join th' group that gethers there
To talk th' village happenin's o'er.

Then watch th' mail distributed,
An' along 'bout half-past eight
Bid all good-night, then saunter home,
Where someone's waitin' by th' gate.

When all is locked up fer th' night
I take my lamp an' start upstairs
To find th' peaceful rest that comes
To those who know not city cares.

BACK HOME.

So gimme a ticket fer Poseytown,
An' remember I want it jes' one way;
No matter how cheap th' round trip is,
I'm goin' back home, an' goin' to stay.



INJUNS.

A very bad boy was Willie Green, played
hookey every day ;
With a yellow-back novel in his lap he
passed the hours away,
A-dreaming of the time when he would be
like Buffalo Bill
And wear long hair, a wide-brimmed hat,
and the Injuns he would kill.
He longed to gallop o'er the plains, hunt
Injuns day and night,
Hear bullets singing round his ears, would
be his heart's delight.
To slaughter red-skin devils and carve
them with his knife ;
Scalp every living Injun was his one great
aim in life.

INJUNS.

*Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He saw them every-
where,*

*Wide awake, or fast asleep, Injuns still were
there ;*

*Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West
Show,*

*Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he
would go.*

*Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from
Old Town, Maine.*

*Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on
the brain.*

He'd walk for many a mile to see an Injun-
Cowboy play ;

He'd eat a quart of Injun meal for break-
fast food each day.

When Injun Summer came around, he
longed to hit the trail,—

The lack of funds was all that caused his
warlike plans to fail.

INJUNS.

But, oh, the lottery of life! when he grew
to man's estate,
He joined an Injun Medicine Show and
took one for a mate ;
And now instead of scalping them, his
mind is occupied
In trying to feed a dozen little Injuns by
his side.

*Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He sees them every-
where,
Wide awake or fast asleep, Injuns still are
there.
Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West
Show,
Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he
may go.
Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from
Old Town, Maine.
Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on
the brain.*



THE MAYOR OF CENTREVILLE.

I'm tall you 'bout my frien' Batiste
Napoleon Archambeau,
Dat come from Canadaw ten,
twelve, maybe nine, year ago.
He wit' hees brodder Pete dey
work in great beeg cotton
meel

Somewhere in dat Rhode Island State ; I
t'ink it Centreville.

Batiste get seeck of job an' soon back home
he mak' hees way

To Canadaw, an' leave Pete dere to come
some nodder day.

Now Pete he's steeck right to hees job, he's
what you call steadee ;

He never drink, nor smoke cigar ; jus'
raise beeg familiee.

THE MAYOR OF CENTREVILLE.

Soon Pete he have a bank book, an' when
on de street he go,
De boys don't call heem Pete no more; it's
Meester Archambeau.
Somebody met Batiste back home wan day
upon de street,
An' ask him what de news has been latelee
from brodder Pete.
Batiste he say de last letter from Pete back
home he's sent,
It say dat now in Centreville Pete was de
President.
De man say, "President, Batiste? Dere
sure is some mistake.
In little town like Centreville no President
is make."
Den Batiste shake hees head an' say,
"Wall, mebbe dat ban so.
Say, what is call a-a-a lady horse, not horse
dat's man, you know?"
"Oh, you mean a mare." "Dat's hit, my
frien'!" cried Batiste with a will;
"Dat's de kin' of horse my brodder is.
He's mayor of Centreville."

A PARADOX.



A youth was born in lowly life
Whose daily round was toil and strife.
He worked his way through college course,
Then started out, and by sheer force
Pushed on to Congress, where the laws
Of State are framed—and all because
He helped himself.



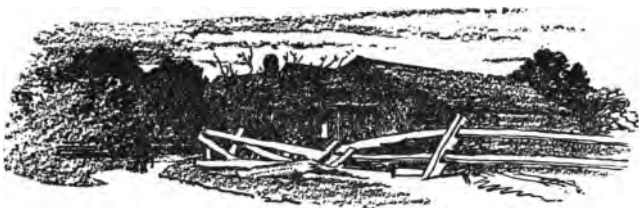
A second youth, with everything
That wealth and influence can bring,
Was dropped from college, would not work,
Then started in a bank as clerk ;
Next chapter finds this youth in jail.
The reason why ? The same old tale,—
He helped himself.



WORTHY OF PARADISE.

A poet died, and when at length
His spirit came to Heaven's gate,
There stood an angel who would pass
In judgment o'er his future state.

"What hast thou done?" the angel asked,
"To claim a place mid the seraphim?"
"I have refrained," the poet said,
"From writing a poem with the title 'Jim.'"



AT TWILIGHT.

When the twilight meets the firelight,
And their shadows softly blend,
Then my heart goes out in sadness,
To the day so near its end.

Like the lives of all us mortals,
Each day sinks at last to rest,
While the gathering shadows hover
Like a bird upon its nest.

Another day beyond recalling,
Vanished like the clouds o'erhead.
Gone! Dost thou realize the import
Of the words? To-day is dead!

'Tis the hour for retrospection,
O'er the happenings of a day.
Was it well or idly given,
Canst thou answer, aye or nay?

AT TWILIGHT.

We are traveling toward the twilight ;
Like the day now gone to rest,
Soon we all must find a haven.
This has been God's great behest.

Ponder well your every action,
Twilight comes to every one ;
Be prepared to hear your Father
Ask you then, "What hast thou done?"

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I'm nearly c-crazy, almost w-w-wild,
I've been so s-s-since I was a ch-ch-child ;
To all things else I h-h-have been b-b-blind,
I've had j-j-just one th-th-thing on my mind:
I w-w-want to be an auctioneer.

Th-th-there's something 'bout the way
h-h-he stands

And pl-pl-pleads and g-g-gestures
with his h-h-hands.

No m-m-matter what I
have, I deem

M-m-my g-g-greatest joy,
my p-p-proudest dream,

T-t-t-to be an auctioneer.



THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I th-th-thought one day I'd t-t-try my hand;
So bought some g-g-goods and t-t-took my
stand

Upon a d-d-dry goods box, and there
I st-st-started on my way for f-f-fair
To be an auctioneer.

"G-g-give me an offer," first I said,
"For this b-b-beautiful walnut f-f-folding
bed."

T-t-two dollars was its c-c-cost t-to me;
Why, they r-r-ran it up to t-t-twenty-three.
Oh, lucky auctioneer!

I th-th-thought 'twas time t-t-to stop them
there
Or soon I'd be a m-m-millionaire;
But when to holler, "S-s-sold!" I tried,
I c-c-couldn't s-s-say it if I d-d-died.
Oh, luckless auctioneer!

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

Each bidder cl-cl-claimed he'd b-b-bought the
bed.

"It's g-g-getting too h-hot for me," I said;
So d-d-down I j-j-jumped, ran to a well,
L-l-leaped in, and sh-sh-shouted back,
"F-f-farewell."

Unhappy auctioneer!

If a p-p-policeman hadn't heard me shout
Wh-wh-when I disappeared, and f-f-fished
me out,
All covered with moss and wr-wr-wringing wet,
I g-g-guess, by gum, I'd b-b-been there yet,
A half-drowned auctioneer.

I haven't q-quit; oh, no, not me!
I don't g-g-give up s-s-so easily.
I trust b-b-before I come to d-d-die
And go up y-y-yonder in the sky,
I'll have a ch-ch-chance, s-s-someday, from dawn
Till night, to cry, "G-g-going! G-g-gone!"
Then I can say with c-c-conscience cl-cl-clear,
"I d-d-die a f-f-full-fledged auctioneer."

THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

How easy to spot that wonderful man
To whom the earth is a limited span,
He's a bore with all the rest of his clan.
Who? The chap who *thinks* he's traveled.

He abhors what is new in trunks or bags,
His suit case is plastered completely with
tags ;
He's heard all the latest stories and gags.
Who? This chap who *tbinks* he's traveled.



He imagines by using the *blasé* pose,
If he kicks good and strong wher-
ever he goes,
And acts horribly bored, then every
one knows
He certainly *must* have traveled.

THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

Every waiter is "George" in each café,
He longs to be back on "dear Broadway"
Where he knows all the stars of every play.
Who? This chap who *thinks* he's traveled.

To himself he's a regular "man about
town ;"
Ten to one he's a bluff and if run down,
He's a shoe clerk from Yonkers or Tarry-
town,
And that's as *far* as *he's* traveled.

LIVIN' PICTURES AT
BERRYVILLE.



'Twas due to Si Rand, of th' Berry-
ville Band, who first interdooced
th' craze ;
It came like a bolt from a summer sky,
an' left th' town in a daze.
Th' Band they wanted new uniforms, some
'at was tailor-made ;
With these they could git a job at Troy in
th' Fo'th o' July parade.
So they started a paper to raise th' funds,
but found that never'd do ;
Not a soul outside of th' Band itself would
contribute a single sou.
" The critters thet play is th' ones to pay,"
remarked ol' Beezy Kirk ;
" Th' folks thet hes to hear their noise,
they're th' ones thet does th' work ! "

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

So things went on in Berryville till about
a month ago,
When Si went deown to Boston town,
where he saw a Vo-de-ville Show.
They hed what was called "Livin' Pic-
tures" there, that made a hit with Si.
Sez he, "Th' show wan't nothin' great, but
them pictures took my eye."
Then Si proposed thet Berryville should
hev some "pictures" too.
Sez he, "we could take th' profits thet we
make an' buy us them uniforms, new."
Th' members of th' Band, with a few f'om
outside, an' some live stock that's tame,
Could pose fer th' different characters an'
scenes, inside of a big gilt frame.
Si sed he knew jes how 'twas done, an' if
they'd let him hev his way
He'd give 'em a show thet Berryville 'ud
remember for many a day.
Th' scheme was received as th' easiest way
to raise th' sum desired,
An' Si was appointed a committee of one
to git everything required.

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

He sed th' price should be popular, within
th' reach of all ;

At twenty-five an' thirty-five they couldn't
but pack th' hall.

That night he drew th' plans fer th' frame,—
'twas to be 'bout twelve foot square,—
An' he lay awake nearly all night long, fig-
urin' out what each 'd wear.

Some biblical scenes mixed in between fer
th' church-goers, Si allowed,
Together with groups of worldlier themes,
would be sure to catch th' crowd.

So he picked Chub Hurd, who played
double-bass, an' th' strongest man in
teown,

To pose in the role of Samson when he
tore th' temple deown.

Th' Bumpstead children, six in all, were
grouped in a scene called " Spring ";

While Maginnis, only Irishman in
town, was to do a " Scotchman
in th' Highland Fling."

Miss Clementina King, a sweet, sad
thing, who wrote fer th' village
press,



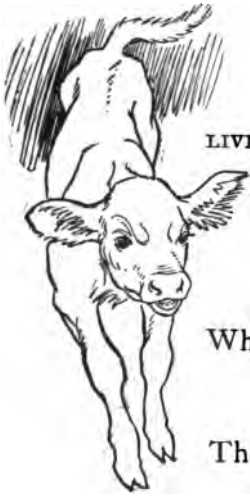
LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

Was to pose as Longfellow's Evangeline,
in a milk-white muslin dress.
Si sed this one would be marvelous, a perfect
pastural scene ;
So he rented a calf, fer a ticket an' a half,
to pose with Evangeline.
Th' calf was owned by the Widder Hunt,
an' if she hed ever known
What th' calf would do when it made its
"day-bu," well, Miss King would have
posed alone.
Th' masterpiece was "A Day on th' Farm,"
a reg'lar scene from life,
With some hens an' a goat, flock of sheep
an' a shoat, were standin' 'round a
farmer an' his wife.
Well, everything went as smooth as silk
right up to th' time of th' show ;
Th' hall was packed, never seen such a
crowd way deown to th' very front row.
With his hair well iled, Si smirked an'
smiled, shook hands an' nodded an'
bowed,

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

Swelled up with pride, an' chuckled inside,
as he thought of th' profit in th' crowd.
At th' back of th' stage confusion reigned ;
the animals blatted an' crowed,
An' to make things worse in the middle of
it all, Maginnis arrived with a load.
Irishman like he wanted to fight an' was
bound that he would sing ;
So Si he guessed 'twas altogether best to
dispense with th' Highland Fling.
When th' Bumpstead children laid deown
their wreaths, jes' fore they entered th' frame,
Th' goat got loose, by slipping of his noose,
an' proceeded to eat the same.
This was too much for Si, and with blood
in his eye he made fer th' goat like a flash ;
Mr. Goat humped his back, met Silas' attack,
an' they both came together with a crash.
Well, 'twas eight fifty-two 'fore they fetched
Si to, an' they started on picture one.
Si thought an earthquake
had struck the stage
but the excitement
had only begun.





LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

When they got to th' scene of
Evangeline, Miss King
turned pale in th' face
When she saw four men seize th' calf
in its pen, an' drag it out to its
place ;
There she posed with her pail, while
th' calf whisked its tail, and wob-
bled and shook with fear ;
As the curtain was raised, th' calf seemed
dazed, till it heard the audience cheer ;
Then it let out a blat, knocked Evangeline
flat, quivered, side-stepped, bellered,
an' fell
Clean out of th' frame, tippin' over th' same,
then made fer the crowd pell-mell.
Th' big gilt frame when it downward came
struck the footlights and smashed
them on th' floor ;
In the darkness that follered, everybody
hollered an' made a mad dash fer th'
door.
When at last all were out, and scurryin'
about, tryin' to see what damage was
done,

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

They heard a loud roar, an' out through
th' door came th' calf, as if shot from
a gun.

With its tail in th' air, it ran like a hare;
its course no one dared to retard;
We knew mighty well, if nothin' befell,
'twould soon be in Widder Hunt's
yard.

Thus ended th' show of the Berryville
Band, an' "Si's Livin' Pictures" as
well.

Whatever became of th' money they made,
no one's ever been able to tell;
But if you should happen to visit th' town,
unless you're a marksman of skill,
Be sure an' not mention "Livin' Pictures"
to one of th' natives of Berryville.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

Is there any moral to be found in the rhymes
of Mother Goose?

There certainly is, and good ones, too, if
the reader's not obtuse.

For instance, take the one about our old
friends Jack and Jill,

And their perilous adventure with the
bucket on the hill.

The moral is that when you go for liquid
in a pail,

Whether it be of water pure or possibly
of ale,

Don't take a maiden with you to help you
bring it back,

Or you may get all tangled up, as did our
good friend Jack.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

Then there was that observing miss—I
mean the one called Muffet,
She who always ate her meals while seated
on a tuffet.



The lesson is that when you see
black spiders in the air,
It's time you sought a Keeley cure
and changed your bill of fare.

The moral in the jingling rhymes that tell
of Little Bo Peep,
Is never to worry when you miss such
property as sheep ;
Your innocent lambs, all nicely shorn, in
Wall Street you can find,
And the tales they tell will certainly beat
the tails they left behind.

U. S. G. P.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

There's the story of the picman who once
journeyed to a fair,
And the nerve of Simple Simon, who
asked to taste his ware.
This teaches when a fellow's broke, a fair's
no place to go ;
For you can't get pie and other things
unless you have the dough.

Although her name belied her gifts, old
Mother Goose well knew
What she was doing when she wrote such
lines as Little Boy Blue.
While blowing his horn she blew her own,
and now where'er you roam,
You will find no place without her book's
worth calling " Home Sweet Home."

M. G. U.

EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO
OF CHICKEN.

Fo' 'bout a month this dahkey has been
tryin'

To shake hissinful ways and be religious,
But dere seems to be a hoo-doo round me
lyin',

My temptations dey have grown to be
prodig'yus.

Fo' instance, I'se a natch'al taste fo' chicken,
An' it seems to be my fate where'er I go,
Even though I may be comin' from prayer
meetin',

I'm sure to hear some rooster softly crow.

*An' so I makes de claim
Dat a dabkey ain't to blame
Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',
No matter whah he'll go.
At least I've found it so,
Everything reminds me so of chicken.*

EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Dis mornin' while at work a fence white-
washin',
Some boys was playin' base-ball 'cross
de way ;
De langwidge dat dey used was powerful
shockin' ;
'Twas enough to make dis dahkey's hair
turn gray.
I started den to give dose boys a lickin' ;
When dey saw my object dey began to
howl.
Jus' den dat ball come bang against my
stomach,
An' I jus' remember someone yellin'
" Foul."

*An' so I makes de claim
Dat a dahkey ain't to blame,
Fo' no doubt dose boys dey well
deserved a lickin',—
But even den I will be
bound,
As I lay dah on de ground,
Dat "Foul" dey hollered made
me think of chicken.*



EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Jus' one more instance I am bound to
mention,
The memory of it fills my soul with
shame.
I fell asleep in church las' Sunday mornin'.
Since it happened, I have never been
de same.
'Bout "Angels' wings" de preacher man
was talkin',
I was dreamin' 'bout a chicken, I've no
doubt;
When I heard him mention wings I whis-
pered softly,
"Don't forget dat hen-house do' when
you come out."

*An' so I makes de claim
Dat a dabkey ain't to blame
Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',
No mattab where be'll go.
Even at church I found it so,
There was something THERE reminding me
of chicken.*



HAD I ONLY KNOWN.

Dear mother, now that thy loving face
Is gone from its old accustomed place,
My heart turns back with a dull, sad pain,
To those days that will ne'er return again.
And I long for the time of youth once more,
To hear thy voice as I did of yore,
Making the burdens of boyhood light
By the mother-love in each fond good-
night ;
And I think of rewards that were thine by
right,—
Had I only known.

Brave, patient soul, through all the strife
And cares that fell to a mother's life,
Thou gav'st no token of inward grief,
But bore thy burdens with a firm belief

HAD I ONLY KNOWN.

That we are but creatures of God's command,
To be moulded as clay in the potter's hand.
Thy greatest pleasure, thy constant thought,
To accept His teachings and question naught.

What lessons to me by thy life were taught,—

Had I only known.

'Tis hard to think of that fateful day
When we came to the parting of the way ;
And though hours of sadness have passed
since then,

'Twould be cruel to wish thee back again ;
For where thou art I know full well
Thy loving presence will cast its spell,
And there, dear mother, I long to be,
Seeking forgiveness on bended knee
For those duties delayed,—my debt to
thee,—

Had I only known.



JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

I'm jes' a plain old farmer, an' my occu-
pashun's such
'T I never went to college, an' I dunno
overmuch
About the frills an' furbelows of higher
eddicashun ;
But readin' books for years has been my
princ'pal recreashun.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

Take winter evenin's, when outside the
ground is white with snow,
I sit in my old rockin'-chair, by the fireside's
ruddy glow,
And foller hist'ry's onward march, from the
earliest days of men
Down to the time when incubators did duty
fer th' hen.

Then I hev my nights when poetry seems
to soothe my tired old head ;
It brings a peaceful feelin' when I go up-
stairs to bed.
I like the jingle of the rhymes, they lull
me off ter rest ;
An' that James Whitcomb Riley is the one
that suits me best.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

His rhymes are so blame satisfyin' they git
ye from th' first ;
They're like a draught from some cold
spring when you're burnin' up with
thirst.
Th' feller seems to know jes' how to sorter
aidge his way
Right plumb into yer confidence, an' then
he's there to stay.

If any man can read that one about " Old
Man an' Jim "
Without th' pathos of it all a-comin' home
to him,
If it didn't 'fect him that way, an' he was
anywhere's near by,
You bet I'd buy a watch-dog an' hev my
hens roost high.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

Then "The Goblins 'll Git Ye." That's
so creepy, I'll be blessed,
The chills went up my ol' spine bone, an'
I yelled like all possessed.
I had a feelin' like it once, it made my
blood congeal;
'Twas when wadin' barefoot in the pond
an' I stepped upon an eel.

Take "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," with its
wealth of tender rhyme,
"'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset," an' that
one "In Swimmin'-Time";
That last was so blame natural I started
then an' there
To peel my clothes off—yes, I did!—an'
dive right off the chair.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

Lucindy grabbed me jes' in time or I'd
surely broke my neck.

You see when once he gits ye they ain't no
power can check

The flights yer immaginashun takes; it car-
ries you everywhere.

You can see the hold it got on me, makin'
spring-boards out o' chairs.

I'm gettin' toward threescore an' ten, an' I
hain't got long to stay;

But while I'm spared my eyesight I will
pass the time away

A-readin' Riley—bless him! An' God
grant him many years

Of health, an' wealth, an' happiness, with
nary cause fer tears.

MY CHIPS.

(A heart throb from a follower of the great American game,
after reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "My Ships.")

If all the chips I have at sea
Should happen to return to me,—
Those stacks of red and blue and white
That I have blown e'en many a night,—
Oh, what a joyous time 'twould be
To see those chips return to me!

If half my chips came back to me,
You'd see some tall hilarity.
If ever that pipe-dream came true,
My wealth would rival any Jew,
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my chips now out at sea.



MY CHIPS.

If just one chip I have at sea,
A blue one, say, should come to me,
'Twould be most welcome, for I'm broke,
With all my summer wear in soak.
A blue one would just set me free
From ignominious poverty.

O Fate, be kind ! O Fortune, too,
And send them all, red, white, and blue !
But if you needs must hold some back,
Remember, when you sort the stack,
Just pick one out of bluish hue,
And send that blue one P. D. Q. !

WHEN MAH LADY YAWNS.



When mah Cah'line yawns, ah'm
'spicious
Dat she tinks de time po'pitious
Fo' me to tu'n mah 'tention to de clock
upon de wall.
Dats de cue to quit mah talkin',
An' a gentle hint dat walkin'
Would flicitate de briefness of mah call.

Th' fus' gal that ah coh'ted—
Ouah ma'idge it was thwated,
Because ah was so green ah didn' know
When she yawned it was behoovin'
Dat dis dahkey should be movin',
Twel at las' she says, "Fo' Lawd's sake,
niggah, go!"

WHEN MAH LADY YAWNS.

Den ah took mah hat an' stahted,
An' f'om dat hour we pahted,
An' ah nevah seen dat cullud gal no mo'.
But it taught me dis yer lesson
Dat a yawn am de expression
Dat invites yo' to be movin' to'ards de do'.

So take dis friendly wah'nin,—
Should yo' lady-love staht yawnin',
Although de sudden pah'ting cost yo' pain,
If she's one you'd like t' marry,
Aftah one good yawn don' tarry,
Den yo' sho'ly will be welcome da again.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

[Dedicated to the members of the Lyceum and
Dramatic profession who have experienced
some of the trials and tribulations
of the one-night stands.]



Have you ever heard of the
town called Yap?
It's a place not featured on the
map,
Nor will you find its name inside
The covers of a Railroad Guide.

But if you have toured from Portland,
Maine,
Out to the Rocky Mountain Chain,
And from New Orleans to Calumet,
This town you never can forget.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you strike the station, in the air
You feel "the frost" that's waiting there
To seize you in its iced embrace
The moment that you show your face.

No agent or baggage man in sight
As you sadly down from the train alight!
The place may bear another name,
But this is Yaptown just the same.

A mile of mud to the Farmer's Home—
Talk of the Klondike or Cape Nome!
Touring that country would be a snap
Compared to an evening spent in Yap.

Two dollars per for a room like a cell;
You take it or leave it, or go to—well,
Down goes your name; what else can you
do?
So you take your medicine and give up
your two.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you reach your room you breathe
a prayer
That heaven will preserve you while sleeping there ;
The bed has a mattress as hard as a stone,
At the thought of rest you inwardly groan.

You gaze at the bed, then turn down the
sheet,
Knowing all too well what your eyes will
meet.
They are there—the one live thing, by gum !
In the whole blame town who are glad you
have come.

When you glance at yourself in the looking-
glass,
A horrible change has come to pass ;
One eye is gone from its usual place,
While your nose is twisted all over your
face.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

In the depths of the pitcher lurking there
You discover a lock of the chambermaid's
hair;
While a fungous growth in the washbowl
appears,
That has been collecting for years and years.

The hotel is bad, but the town hall's
worse;
The fire-engine's stored there, likewise the
hearse;
It's used for court-house, inquests and
jail;
Likewise for hangings, if such should pre-
vail.

The worst is to come when you show that
night!
The collection of Yaps is a wonderful
sight;
They smell of horse as they all troop in,
And whistle and yell for the show to begin.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you get to the quietest part of the
play,
Down the aisle comes the janitor wending
his way,
And proceeds to the stove and dumps the
grate,
And rattles in coal at a fearful rate.

You grind your teeth and rail at fate,
And cuss the agent who booked the
date,
And long for the hour and the train that
will bear
You away from Yaptown, no matter where.

You hear such remarks as these of your
play :

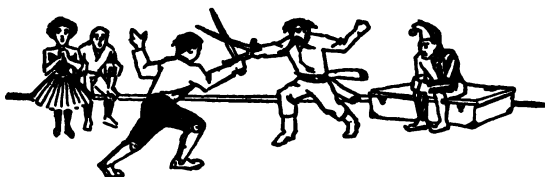
“ ’Twas too blame solemn,” is what they
say ;

“ We hain’t no use, an’ never will stand
Fer a troupe too poor to carry a band.”

THE TOWN OF YAP.

If I had to sentence a man for a crime,
He'd never go to prison to work out his
time,
Nor swing from a gallows in a hangman's
cap ;
He'd get something worse—I'd send him
to Yap.

If he lived there long his atonement he'd
win ;
He couldn't get worse, whatever his sin.
When he came to die, there is one thing
sure—
What he got after Yap would be easy to
endure.



MY LADY MARIONETTE.

I will tell you of a troupe, a wooden-headed
group,
Of figures who were called "Les Marion-
ettes."
In the program of the show, on some wires
to and fro,
They were made to dance the stately
minuet ;
At the finish of their act, in a box they all
were packed,
To there remain until the following day,
But a wired electric light overhanging them
one night
Broke and from the ceiling chanced to fall
their way,
Then a bunch of lightning shocks went
tearing through the box,

MY LADY MARIONETTE.

Which brought to life these manikins of
wood ;
Quickly out from their retreat, they came
scrambling to their feet,
And there upon the stage each figure stood.
Then the leading Marionette, on the little
wood soubrette
Shot glances at her in a love-lorn way,
And with wobble-jointed stride, he hobbled
to her side,
And standing there amazed she heard him
say :

*Oh, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced
the minuet,
For years I've longed to tell you of the
feeling
That has split my heart of wood, so oft
misunderstood,
That now no power can stop my love re-
vealing.
So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette ;
May I be turned to sawdust if my love I
should forget,*

MY LADY MARIONETTE.

*So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a
stately measure,
To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my
Lady Marionette.*

But a witness of the scene comes now to
intervene,—

None other than the Villain Marionette.
For him no deed too vile, with his wicked
leering smile,
He too would have the little wood
soubrette.

When he saw the loving pair, he hissed
and tore his hair,
And vowed he cut the hero's heart in twain,
But the latter fearing naught, his blade he
quickly sought,
And soon the blows were falling there like
rain.

All the figures held their breath, watched
the duel to the death,
As in and out and round the stage they flew.
Every thrust the hero made, with his keen
and trusty blade,

MY LADY MARIONETTE.

From the wooden villain clipped a chip or
two.

Till at last reduced to pegs were the villain's
wooden legs,

Then followed both his arms, his trunk
and head.

As the hero watched him die, said he, " My
friend, you're one chip shy ! "

Then turning to his lady love he said :

*Ob, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced
the minuet,*

*For years I've longed to tell you of the feeling
That has split my heart of wood, so oft
misunderstood,*

*That now no power can stop my love re-
vealing ;*

*So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette ;
May I be turned to sawdust if my love I
should forget,*

*So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a
stately measure ;*

*To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my
Lady Marionette.*



CONSTANCY.

Fifty years we have journeyed this life together.

Does it seem that long to you, Asthore,
Since firsh I came to your father's
cottage

And shyly knocked at the cabin door?

CONSTANCY.

Me heart shtood shtill whin you bade me
enter.

No queen could have ruled with more
grace on a throne,
As, held there, thransfixed by your royal
beauty,
I longed for the hour I could call ye me
own.

'Twas thin I learned that life widout ye
Would be robbed of all charm, leave
nothin' but tears.
How I guarded meself against such a mis-
fortune
Is easily seen by the pasht fifty years.

We have had our full measure of sadness
an' sorrow.

Whin th' burdens were heavy, we each
bore our share ;
But sunshine will ever come forth from th'
shadow,
An' thrue love will banish th' clouds of
despair.

CONSTANCY.

Though we've nearly come to th' end of
our journey,

Let us both shtill continue to cheer with
a song.

When the hour comes to pass to th' home
of hereafter,

God grant whin we part it will not be
for long.



THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

I want to tell yeou 'bout a time we hed
the other day,

Me an' all the fam'ly deown to the Chee-
tau-quay.

They'd been advertisin' of it, fer sev'ral
months er more,—

Posters in the Post Office an' at th' groc'ry
store ;

But th' fust real infermation I got about
the thing

Was when Jane, my eldest darter, came
hum from Normal School this spring.

She couldn't talk 'bout nothin' else ; sed

“ 'Twould be an uplift for us all.”

I told her we got our “uplift” when the
cyclun struck las' fall,

But if 'twas all 'twas advertised an' sech
an all-fired show,

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

I'd drop my plantin' fer a spell an' fix
things so's to go.
Well, we got up bright an' airly, hed the
childern washed an' drest,
Wife put on her new alpacca—I got eout
my flowered vest.
There wuz me an' Mandy, Jane an' Hi,
the twins, an' Willum J.
An' 'beout nine o'clock that mornin' we
struck the Chee-tau-quay.
Ye never see sech crowds er folks, seemed
like from everywhere,—
Ministers an' schoolmarms, ol' an' young,
wuz gathered there.
They hed a great big circus tent with a
rostrum on one side,
An' 'twas here, Jane tol us, that the talunt
would preside.
Well, 'beout ten o'clock they rung a bell
an' the band begun to play,
An' folks commenced to crowd the tent,
mor'n er thousand, I should say.
They played a piece called "Susie's
March"—'twould lift you off the seat.



THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

A preacher jest in front uv me hed ter fairly
hold his feet.

I felt jest like a two-year-old, seemed like
I walked on air,

Haint herd sech all-round music sence the
Red Rock County Fair.

Then four fellers took the rostrum an'
sung a song about ther sea,—

Fer vocal satisfaction, they just suited
to a T.

They wuz really so extray-fine we hed to
hev them back,

An' they responded by singin' 'beout a
"Teacher and a Tack."

Funny? Jeekus-Pokus! It seemed as if
I'd split,

An' Willum J. jest hollered, we thought
he'd hev a fit!

Then they hed a Minister's Conference,
beat any Camp Meetin' on earth,—

Talk about yer argifyin', there's where
yer got yer money's worth.

Every sect wuz ripresented, Baptists an'
Cammelites,

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Metherdists an' Lutherans, all clamoring
for their rights.

Each hed his own opinion about
theology,

Their doctrines wuz diffrent, but on one
thing they'd agree,—

To beat the devil reound the stump in the
good old-fashioned way,

But that I learnt 'z the object of the Chee-
tau-quay.

They hadn't more'n finished 'fore the band
commenced ter play

Ter summons folks tergether fer the dis-
course of ther day.

We all trooped over to the tent and got a
good front seat ;

Somethin' seemed ter tell me we wuz goin'
ter hev a treat.

The Quartette sung another song, follered
by a prayer,

Then a common-lookin' feller riz up
slowly from a chair

An' wuz interdooood as "Sam'l Jones,"
who would try to find a way

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Ter occupy ther 'tention with a few things
he might say.
Wal—talk about yeour preachers, boy
orators and sich,
Why, the way he larruped ev'ry thing, it
cert'nly wuz rich !
He'd take the Presbyterians and roast them
to a breown,
And when the Methodists 'ud laff, he'd
turn right straight areound,
And flail them wuss than t'others. Then
he'd go fer hypercrits.
He more than trimmed their whiskers and
fairly give 'em fits.
He'd tell some simple story that 'ud fill
yer eyes with tears,
Then he'd show yer yer shortcumings
with all yer doubts and fears.
The power he hed to poke truths home,
I tell yer 'twas immense,
And underneath it all there wuz allus such
good hoss sense.
He kep' it up fer full two hours, when he
stopped 'twas still as death,—

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Everybody jest a-starin' and a-holdin' uv
ther breath.

I've heard some p'litical speeches and some
sermons in my day,

But he cert'ly beat anything thet ever come
my way.

Along abeout dark we started hum, the
moon a-smilin' deoun,

Seemin' glad to be of service, as we jour-
neyed frum the town.

We got reound hum beout 'leven er-clock,
an' I've got this much ter say :—

That fer satisfaction guaranteed—give me
the Chee-tau-quay.

DISCONTENT.

In a shady nook by a babbling brook
Which ran through the heart of a wood,
A lily fair with queenly air
Like a lonely sentinel stood.

And a friendship grew between the
two,
The brook and the lily fair,
And every look of the tinkling brook
Told of a passion rare.

And all day long the brook's glad
song
Echoed the woodland through,
And it told such a tale of hill and dale,
That the lily restless grew.



DISCONTENT.

Till it said with a sigh, " Oh ! would that I
Might have the power to flee
Away from the wood and its solitude,
And go down with the brook to the sea.

- " Why should I live and my fragrance give
To a spot so cheerless and dark ?
There is nothing here to bring me cheer
And I long to be free like the lark."

Then the little brook wore a troubled look,
And its song seemed sad all day ;
As the lily sighed the brook replied,
" You know not what you say ! "

" Should you ever roam from this wood-
land home,
You would find that the world out there
Is filled with grief and unbelief,
And that honest hearts are rare.

DISCONTENT.

“ But here in the wood one feels the good
That follows a life that is pure;
God sends from above his tokens of love
That we may live and endure.”

But each kind word only deeper stirred
The desire in the lily fair
To be off and away to an endless day
Where beauty was everywhere.

How little is known of the seeds that are
sown
By the demon Discontent !
Like a poisoned dart, they enter the heart
Until it is torn and rent.

There came a day when the song so gay
Of the brook was hushed and low,
For the lily at last its spell had cast
O'er the brook that had loved it so.

DISCONTENT.

When the morning light pushed back the
night
And the sun rose out of the East,
The lily found that the cheering sound
Of the little brook had ceased.

Then the lily knew what is all too true,
That Discontent in the heart,
If left to thrive, will surely drive
The dearest of friends apart.

As twilight fell o'er the woody dell,
Gone was the brook from its bed ;
While drooping there so white and fair,
By its side lay the lily dead.



NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN
TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E
DIDN'T SOY.

I 'ad a pal some years ago, 'is name was
'Enry Ide ;
It must 'ave been near twenty years since
'Enry hup and died ;
If ever 'e got in a scrape 'e wouldn't soy
a word—
'E'd shut hup like a hoyster—not a seound
from 'im was 'eard.

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

The other cove might storm areound an'
blow 'im hinside eout,
But 'Enry seemed all hinnercent of wot
'twas all about—
Then afterward 'e'd drop 'is heye in a
knowin' sort o' woy,
A smile would steal across 'is face an' then
you'd 'ear 'im soy :

*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll
find that hif you do,
You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to
you;
Hits better far to 'old your tongue, look
hinnercent and shoy—
No man was ever known to 'ang for wot
'e didn't soy.*

Now Ide 'e howned a parrot once, a sacri-
legious bird,
Hits language hit was horful, quite the
worst I ever 'eard ;
One day hit sat upon the stoop when a
stray dog passed hits cage—

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

At sight of this poor 'omeless cur, Poll
flew into a rage.
She yelled an' squawked an' called the dog
a most hofferensive name ;
The dog then made a dash at Poll—'e
surely wan't to blame.
'E chewed Poll's tail hoffer, bit 'er wings, an'
left 'er there 'alf dead ;
Just then Ide came hupon the scene an'
this to Polly said :

*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll
find that biff you do,
You'll 'ave a 'cap o' trouble a-pilin' on to
you ;
Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look
hinnercent an' shoy—
No man was ever known to 'ang for wot
'e didn't soy.*

One night Ide got a bit too much while
dining with some friends,—
Good liquor an' good fellowship to a flow
of reason tends ;

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

Ide's tongue at last was loosened, an' when
'e reached 'is 'ouse
At midnight 'e was greeted by 'is fond and
loving spouse.

'E started then to rail at 'er an' tell 'er wot
'e thought

Habout th' duties hof a woife,—'twas
pleasure dearly bought;

She grabbed poor Ide, an' cuffed
'is ears, then threw 'im on
the floor,

An' standing there she softly
spoke these words 'ed 'eard
before;



*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll
find that hif you do,
You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to
you.*

*Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look
hinnercent an' shoy—*

*No man was ever known to 'ang for wot
'e didn't soy.*



THE LAST STRAW.

His name is Litzschaikowtzski,—
Whene'er he telephones,
He wishes good kind Providence
Had christened him plain Jones.

For when a voice says, "Name, please?"
And he does his best to tell it—
The limit surely has been reached
When echo answers, "Spell it!"

THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.



A coon named Ephrum Bascom
loved a Miss Amelia Barr.
One night she told him 'bout th' ride of
gay young Lochinvar ;
She filled Eph's head with romance 'bout
knights of high degree,
Of barons bold, an' ladies fair, an' deeds
of chivalry.
Next day Eph stole an ol' gray mule, then
made a suit of tin ;
An' like those knights he'd heard about
rode forth his bride to win.
He galloped to Amelia's house, an' as she
lay in bed
She heard Eph's voice out in the road,
an' this is what he said :

THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

*O Miss Amelia, I've come to steal yeb,
An' take yo' way from beab I don't care
wbar.*

*Come be my blushin' bride, an' dis milk
white steed we'll ride,
So come out an' join yo' colored Lochinvar.*

The noise awoke Amelia's dad, an' think-
ing that some thief
Was prowling 'round, he grabbed his gun
and started after Eph.
Through the window pane he thrust the
gun, then fired at Ephrum's head.
Th' shot went low an' the old gray mule
received th' charge instead.
Fo' a minute all was still as death, then
waiting fo' no' mo'
Th' mule let out an awful wail an' down
th' road he toah.
Amelia called out, "Lochinvar, oh, come
back to youah bride,"
But Eph had othah business, an thus to
her replied :

THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

*O Miss Amelia, I got to leave you,
I'm gwine to let you stay jes whah yo' are;
Don't talk no mo' to me 'bout dem knights
an' cbivalry,
Yo' can get some otbah coon fo' Lochinvar.*



A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

Oh, how well do I remember !
'Twas a warm day in September
That I foolishly went shopping
 With my wife, a two months' bride.
As o'er the trip I ponder,
I vow ne'er again to wander
Into one of those department-stores,
 No matter who my guide.

She carefully approached me,
And she wheedled and she coaxed me
To go along and help select
 A pattern for a dress.
Little did I think on starting
Of how near we'd come to parting
Before we ended up that trip
 Of sorrow and distress.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

It was "Bargain Day," she told me,
As the store we entered boldly ;
I thought there was a riot

When we got inside the door.
There were females of all ages,
Some who ought to be in cages ;
For they fought like wild hyenas
Rushing madly through the store.

My heart was palpitating,
And my eyes with fear dilating,
As I gazed in terror at the scene
Which now before us passed.
Like a storm upon the ocean
Was this terrible commotion,
And something seemed to tell me
That this moment was our last.

Into this vortex whirling,
With my coat-tails round me curling,
We plunged together, vowing
That we'd get that dress or die.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

But what a foolish notion !
When we struck that whirlpool
 motion
We were rudely torn asunder,
 With no chance to say " Good-
 bye !"

A big fat woman grasped me,
And in her arms she clasped me,
Then straightened back and threw
 me

 Some twenty feet or more.
I felt a sudden crashing,
Through a skylight I went dashing,
And when I gained my senses
 I was on the basement floor.

Here were clothes-pins, tubs and blueing,
Washboards, mops, and pans for stewing,
And stacks of kitchen furniture
 Where'er my eyes would roam.



A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

I had no time to tarry,
But ran like "the old Harry,"
And up the stairs I made a dash
For "Home, Sweet Home."

But when I gained the landing
I found a bluecoat standing ;
My crazy-like appearance
Was suspicious, I've no doubt ;
Then he set my blood congealing
As he roared, " So ! you've been stealing.
We've been watching you for weeks,
young man,
And now we've found you out."

Then toward the street we started,
But soon we too got parted.
Some females formed a flying wedge,
And away went Mr. Cop.
I offered no objection
To his seeming disaffection,
But 'round I went, gyrating ;
I couldn't seem to stop.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

I heard a shrill voice calling ;
“ Cash !” on the air was falling ;
And knowing that my wife would be
Wherever *that* was found,
For this spot I now went tearing,
For my safety little caring,
If I could only reach the place
And find her safe and sound.



There I saw her calmly standing,
While to her a clerk was handing
A measly little bundle ;
'Twas the cause of all my woe.
Then turning she smiled sweetly,
And stepping up to greet me,
Said, “ Oh, here you are, my darling,
Are you ready now to go ?”

That she was sane I doubted.
“ Ready ?” I loudly shouted,
“ Well, you can bet I'm ready.”
Then I grasped her by the wrist.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

**“ In the future when you’re dropping
Into this mad-house shopping,
Please remember it’s my busy day
And scratch me off your list.”**

**Now before I’m disappearing,
To all married men in hearing
I have a word of warning,
And perhaps ’t will save your life.
Get a football suit well padded,
Have a course in wrestling added ;
For you certainly will need them
If you’re shopping with your wife.**



THE DESERTED FARM.

By an old, deserted farm I chanced to pass
to-day,
With its battered windows, sunken roof,
and clapboards warped and gray.
And looking through the open door at
rooms now cold and bleak,
I thought of all that it might tell if it could
only speak ;
Of the joy it gave the loving pair who
first came years ago,
And called it home and sat beside the fire-
side's ruddy glow.
While winter storms beat loud against the
frosty window-pane,
No matter what the world outside, here
peace within would reign.

THE DESERTED FARM.

I felt the kitchen's genial warmth, with
pans like burnished steel,
And heard the steady droning of the good
wife's spinning wheel.
I saw the evening shadows on the wall flit
to and fro,
The rafters hung with ears of corn and
peppers in a row ;
Then Christmas-time and the relatives who
gathered once a year
Around the board weighed down with all
its wealth of homely cheer.
The table cleared, then came the strife
beneath the mistletoe
To gain the kiss that caused the blush on
maiden cheek to glow.

The seasons change, the years roll on, the
tenants come and go ;
Each has his cup of pleasure, and each his
share of woe.
First comes the happy wedding ; then
death turns joy to tears ;

THE DESERTED FARM.

Thus follows each successive scene that
marks the passing years.
How like the tenants of the past :—naught
now remains to tell
Of all its former glory but the old deserted
shell.
Its mouldering form will soon return to
dust from whence it came ;
Then all that's left to mark the spot is
the memory of its name.

*With weather-beaten visage this old
deserted farm
Brings back the days of long ago, with
all their added charm
To those who revel in the past and by-
gone memories seek,
Oh, what a story it might tell, if it could
only speak.*



A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

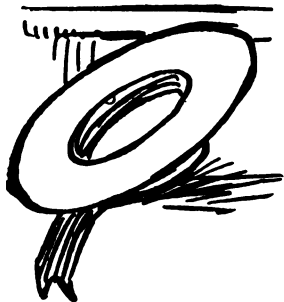
My Ma spends nearly all the
time

A-findin fault with me ;
Ses my manners are jes'
shockin'
An' mos' scanalous to see.

An' every time that comp'ny
comes

I drive her nearly wild ;
She says that folks 'll surely
say
I am a spoiled child.

I never do a single thing
That seems to her jes' right ;
An' it's "Henry, don't!" and
"Henry, sh-h,"
From mornin' until night.



A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm gettin purty sick of it,
An' if I aint let be,
I'll take my bank an' empty it
An' run away to sea.

Because I use my knife fer pie,
Ma thinks it is a sin ;
The last time that I used a fork
I jabbed it in my chin.

It's perfeckly disgustin',
These rules they make fer boys ;
W'y don't folks mind their business
An' quit harpin' 'bout "*our noise* ? "

Boys is like the animals,
They like to feel they're free
To romp around and shake theirselves,
An' see what they can see.

And if they wants to bite their nails,
Er cross their legs, er dance,
Why not let 'em do it,
Even if they tear their pants?

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm jest a-longin' fer the time
When I'll be big like Pa,
And shave myself and stay out nights,
An' answer back to Ma.

If ever that time comes, you bet,
I'll be dignified, an' say,
"Too much manners is bad fer boys,
An' now you're gettin' your pay."



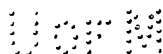
OCTOBER.

The foliage now is slowly turning,
Shifting its summer cloak of green
To one surpassing royal splendor,
The gift of Autumn to woodland scene.

The hilltops, one vast blaze of glory,
Seen decked in holiday attire,
Tinging the sky with a color vivid
As light that glows from some forest fire.

The voices of Nature's myriad children
In plaintive key on our senses fall,
Hinting of days when the warmth of
Autumn
Will be chilled by Winter's snow-white
pall.

We thus are brought to an understanding
Of the perfectness of the Master's plan—
To make of nature a mighty canvas,
The paintings thereon His gift to man.





GOOD EVENIN' MISTAH MOON?

When Enoch Thompson hummed a bar
of "Sweet By-and-By"
You knew a truck-patch soon would be a
water-milyun shy,
An' one patch in pa'ticular was his supreme
delight,
An' to this spot he wandered on a dark
an' cloudy night.
Beneath the fence he crawled with care, an'
there upon his knees
A big round juicy milyun he was just
about to seize,
When sudden from behind a cloud the
moon burst forth and shed
Its light on Enoch, who looked up and
sheepishly then said:

GOOD EVENIN', MISTAH MOON.

*Why good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say
good evenin',
Ahn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round
heah dis evenin' ?
Ise some special work to do, an' de less
I see of you
I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.
So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say
good evenin',
You're appearin' much too soon 'round
heah dis evenin'.
I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious
like to me,
So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say
good evenin'.*

Now Enoch loved a dusky maid, Cadosia
Green by name,
One look from her was quite enough to
set his heart aflame ;
But old man Green had vowed he would
fill Enoch full of shot,
If he caught him with Cadosia he would
shoot him on the spot.

GOOD EVENIN', MISTAH MOON.

From a party Enoch had returned with
her one evening late,
And sheltered by the darkness they stood
cooing by the gate.
'Twas Enoch's chance to claim a kiss;
"Yum-Yum" he might have said,
But alas! jus' then the moon burst forth
an' this was heard instead:

*Why good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say
good evenin',
Abn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round
heab dis evenin'?*
*Ise some special work to do, an' de less
I see of you
I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.*
*So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say
good evenin',
You're appearin' much too soon round
heab dis evenin'.*
*I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious
like to me,
So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say,
good evenin'.*

CALAMITY BROWN.

Talk about misfortune! there
was a feller in our town,
His name was Roscoe Ebenezer
Adoniram Brown,
It started when he got that name,
and from that very day
He kep a-hevin' accidents, an'
sickness came his way.



Before he reached the age of two he'd hed
the whoopin'-cough,
Measles, croup an' chilblains, an' blown a
finger off.
His afflictions were so numerous that he
got a wide renown,
An' folks would always speak of him as
ol' Calamity Brown.

CALAMITY BROWN.

He'd hed the rheumatism, warts, scurvy
an' the gout ;
Also hed all kinds of cramps (they turned
him inside out),
Appendicitis, wakeful nights, an' bunions
on his feet,
Dyspepsia, rash an' rickets, salt-rheum an'
prickly heat.

He'd been run over by the cars, been bitten
by a snake,
Captured by the Indians who tried to burn
him at the stake.
Struck by lightning, broke a leg falling
from a tree,
Nearly drowned while bathing, an' got
water on the knee.

In spite of these afflictions, which brought
so many stings,
Brown's trouble took another course ; it
began by losin' things.

CALAMITY BROWN.

At first he lost his pocket-book, followed
by his cane,
Next he lost a bunch of keys, and then his
watch and chain ;

Then he lost his favorite horse, together
with his cow ;
A cyclone took his flock of hens, a stone
drag and a plow.
One day he tried to blast some rocks from
off a neighbor's farm ;
The thing went prematurely off an' he lost
a leg an' arm.

The blast took hair an' eyebrows, also took
his sight ;
This caused a loss of memory, his nerve
an' appetite.
Brown had a tragic ending ; as he lay one
day in bed
He thought of all he had endured, and
then he lost his head.



LITTLE DAN CUPID.

Have you heard of that fly little, sly little man, Dan Cupid by name, or diminutive Dan?

A marksman and hunter whose one aim in life, is to change youth and maid into husband and wife.

With a quiver of arrows and a cute little bow, a heart is the target he always lays low.

LITTLE DAN CUPID.

So if marriage is hateful and distasteful the
plan, watch out for the darts of
diminutive Dan.

My, eye! What a smart little man
Is the party we know as diminutive Dan.

*Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a
maid or a man.*

*In all kinds of weather, to bring them
together he tries just as hard as
he can.*

*So beware of this fly little fellow, with
the sbrewd matrimonial plan.*

*I bet you be'd get YOU, if ever be met
you, this fly little, sly little man.*

Now a bachelor once said he'd heard
quite enough of the conquests of
Cupid, 'twas rubbish and stuff.

Then he challenged Dan's prowess, called
marriage a joke, said he never would
place his neck under the yoke.

LITTLE DAN CUPID.

Quickly Dan spied a spinster, and then
like a flash, shot a dart through her
heart and this bachelor rash.

When they married, Dan's gift was a
lemonade set, with these words, "To
the groom. Lest you ever forget."

My, eye! What a bright little man.

When there's wooing a-brewing, then
watch out for Dan.

*Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a
maid or a man.*

*In all kinds of weather, to bring them
together he tries just as hard as
he can.*

*So beware of this fly little fellow, with
the shrewd matrimonial plan.*

*I bet you he'd get YOU, if ever he met
you, this fly little, sly little man.*

“CR. AND DR.”

There are three little letters in the alphabet
Which in two different groups are frequently met ;
One is an r, and preceded by D
Tells a very different tale than when following C.

Of this same little story these two groups
tell,
One smacks of heaven, while the other is
—well,
You share my opinion, I am positive you
do,
If ever you have dallied with an I. O. U.

"CR. AND DR."

When Dr. at the end of your name takes
place,
Trouble starts brewing at a very rapid pace;
But oh, what a difference in life's great game
When Cr. occurs at the end of your name!

Now, friend, should you wish to keep your
stock above par,
Be careful which letter precedes the r,
Do the best that you can to always make C
Join forces with r instead of with D.

A KEEPSAKE.

The night was still, and peeping through
the treetops

The harvest moon hung radiant in the
sky,

Revealing by its light two lovers sighing
And living o'er again the days gone by.

She turns at length, and, trembling with
emotion,

Her voice betraying feelings deeply
stirred,

She hands to him a something in the moon-
light

And this is what the night wind over-
heard:

*Take this little token as a keepsake,
Treasure it in memory's wreath, I beg ;
It's just a little leaf of birdseye maple,
A leaf that grew on father's wooden leg.*



A KEEPSAKE.

He took the little leaf with fear and trembling,

For well did he remember how he had
Been kicked clean from the porch oft in
the darkness

And chased by her old wooden-legged
dad.

Once more he felt its imprint of affection
That caused him to remain ten days in
bed,

And recollecting all that leg had cost him,
He crushed the leaf within his hand and
said :

*I'll take this little token, but hereafter
In my nightly prayers there's one thing
I will beg,
That no sign of life in him will sprout to
baunt me
As this leaf that grew upon his wooden
leg.*



HAY FEVER.

Hay fever's reound agin—
Feel it in the air,
Woods are full of victims,
Sneezin' everywhere.

Gits areound as reg'lar
As Fo'th o' July;
Ain't no way o' stoppin' it,
Don't care heow you try.

Smellin' salts an' atomizers
Ain't worth a sou ;
When yeou git th' ginooine
It's all off with veou.

See the poor afflicted,—
Ev'ry little breeze
Makes 'em draw a long breath,
Then sneeze, an' sneeze, an' sneeze.

HAY FEVER.

Ef yeou want a riot
 An' be buried neath th' sod,
Jes' catch a few hay feverites
 An' shake some golden-rod.

Out 'll come th' handkerchiefs,
 Tears 'll start to flow ;
Then you'll hear a version
 Of "Blow, Bugle, Blow!"

Never was but one cure,
 So I've heard it said ;
Feller bought a shot-gun
 An' then blew off his head.

OH, WOE IS ME.

My wife she bought a cook-
book called "The Young
Housekeeper's Guide,"

All sorts of culinary feats
were chronicled inside.

She read the book, then hied
herself into a hardware
store

And bought a stock of bak-
ing tins, some fifty kinds
or more.

There were strainers, drain-
ers, roasters, toasters, with
now and then a few

Lemon squeezers, ice-cream freezers, forks
and funnels, too.

Imagine when I saw this pile, the awful
shock to me,

But what was worse the bill with them was
labeled C. O. D.



OH, WOE IS ME.

*Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to
me inside
Ever since my wife she bought that "Young
Housekeeper's Guide."
I've read about the awful things a rarebit
fiend will see,
But when it comes to nightmares caused by
food, he's an amateur to me.*

That very day she started in to try her
first receipt ;
She said 't would be raised biscuits and
they'd be, "oh, such a treat!"
I found that was their proper name—they
raised things, that's no lie.
They came near raising me all right to
"mansions in the sky."
I next ate what the book described
"broiled English sparrow's wing."
I felt so English that for hours I cried
"Long live the King!"
She followed this with "layer cake,"—how
I suffered eating that !
For those layers laid for me all right, and
then they laid me flat.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BEFORE.

We'd been engaged for just a week,
And now that we must part,
The thought of it was maddening,
And it nearly broke my heart.
As I waved her adieu from the steamer
She answered back from the pier,
And I murmured softly to myself,
"My, but isn't she dear!"

AFTER.

A year has passed of married life,—
I received a note to-day
Written in Wifey's well-known hand,
"Send me fifty right away!"
I thought of all she had cost me
During that one brief year,
And then I murmured softly,
"My, but isn't she dear"!





THE TIN PEDDLER.

What now has become of the Yankee tin
peddler?

Gone is this dickering tradesman of yore;
With rag-bag and steelyards this bartering
meddler

Has made his last trip through the old
kitchen door.

Perched high on his seat, a foe to bad
weather;

When a storm hovered near he pulled
in at the gate.

Said, "Dampness and tinware don't mix
well together.

"Why, Grandma, good mawnin!" and
"How-de-do, Kate!"

THE TIN PEDDLER.

No five-and ten-cent stores, no bargain-day
rushes,

No trading-stamp nonsense were known
in his day ;

His traveling storehouse of pans, pails and
brushes

Has fulfilled its mission and now passed
away.

'Twas "Good mawnin', Mis' Ketcham."

"Why, how-de-do, Aner,

I've been lookin' for you nigh on to a
week,

I can't get a drop through that pesky old
strainer,

And the pan you last sold me 's done
nothin' but leak."

"Why, Lawdy, Mis' Ketcham, I meant to
hev told ye

My tinware's reversible, new patent plan ;
If ye couldn't strain stuff through the
strainer I sold ye,

Why all ye need do is to jes' use th' pan."

THE TIN PEDDLER.

His wit, like his visage, as sharp as a briar,
Brought cheer and good-nature with
never a pain.

Oh, would that to-night you were here by
our fireside

To regale us with story and laughter
again.

So a toast to you, peddler; in memory we
treasure

Your good-natured face, with the old
tin-cart too ;

We'll drink it in cider with equal good
measure

That was ever forthcoming when trading
with you.



THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

All the world's a stage, says Shakespeare,
we the actors, life the play,
And the tabloid one I'll mention, it
occurred the other day.

The principals a Mummy from an old
Egyptian tomb,
And a lady tailor's dummy. Scene : a
musty auction room.

For weeks stored in a corner, he had noted
all her charms,

And his mummy love seemed striving to
enfold her in his arms.

One evening in the darkness like an echo
from the dead,

His pent-up feelings burst all bounds, and
this is what he said :

THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

*Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and
when curios get chummy,
A wedding is the sequel written in the
book of Fate,
And although I'm antiquated, still I'm
sure if we were mated,
Such a very novel union would be strictly
up-to-date.*



But, alas, as often happens to a fond and
loving pair,
The plans the two had cherished proved
but castles in the air.
To a museum on the morrow in a box all
packed with hay,
Mr. Mummy from his Dummy he was
rudely shipped away.
While the latter, once so happy, now the
saddest of her race,
Is posing in a window somewhere down
near Hayward Place.

THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

And when twilight shadows hover round
her form at close of day,
Tears roll down her waxen features and
she seems to hear him say :

*Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and
though far away, your Mummy
Is sighing for his sweetheart with a
passion ever true;
And though rudely separated, rest assured
until we're mated,
I shall always keep a corner in my
mummy heart for you.*



Now the sequel of our story:—in his
museum home one day
Mr. Mummy's trust was shattered in a
most unseemly way.
For a pair of wax-work figures on a bench
across the aisle
Were placed where all could see them as
they wooed true lover style.

THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

Imagine what his feelings when the maiden
of the pair
Was seen to be none other than the tailor's
dummy fair.
Then his heart with grief seemed bursting
and his breast with anger stirred
As he framed and hissed this message
which the fickle dummy heard :

*Oh, I loved you, Mistress Dummy, but
hereafter when a mummy
Is fool enough to let some tailor's dummy
turn his head,
I hope dynamite will blow him where his
mother wouldn't know him,
For useless is the mummy who can't real-
ize he's dead.*



A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

Hol' on dah a minute, Mistah Preachah
Man;

Wha's dat ah un'erstan' yo' to say—
Dat ah mus' agree to love an' 'onah dis
man,
An' likewise promise ah'll obey?

No, sah! Don' yo' count on mah makin'
dat mistake,

It's one ah's made too many times befo'.
Eve'y time ah's been mar'ied ah's 'lowed
dat ve'y point,
But ah nevah means to do it any mo'.

De idea! Obeying dis yeah jaundiced
coh'loed coon,

De suggestion am a insult to mah sex.
Why de fact of mah 'greein' to honah such
as him

Lays me liable to p'rjury, ah specks.

A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

Yo' men yo' seem to think dat yo' owners
ob de earf,
So't o' monarchs obah all dat yo' survey.
If dis narrah-chested dahkey's goin' to take
me fo' his wife,
Dah'll be changes in dis mattah of obey.

So Mistah Pahson, ah desiah yo' to 'radi-
cate dat wohd
Dat has allus been so 'noxious like to me,
An' take notice what ah'm saying, if dis
knot am fihmly tied,
Ah'm de one dat yo' can look to fo' de
fee.



PEOPLE ARE SO DIFFERENT.

The people are so different in this gruff
old world of ours,
Some gather naught but rankest weeds,
while others seek the flowers.
Our tastes are such that of two roads one
person seeks the right,
The other takes the crooked path, as dark-
ness shuns the light.

So when a man comes 'long whose views
are not like yours or mine,
Don't treat him like a criminal or some
base libertine ;
Be generous to your neighbor, God's gifts
are rare, 'tis true,
Just think how others have been robbed
to shower them *all on you*.



PLAY BALL, BILL.

'Twas at a baseball game one day,
Where I was passing an hour away,
I chanced to hear some wisdom rare,
The last thing I had looked for there.
'Twas from the catcher, a wise old fox
Who was coaching a youngster in the box
Who badly needed a kindly word,
And these are the ones I overheard.

*Get 'em over the plate, Bill, play ball for fair !
Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go
up in the air !
Many a race has been landed, when it looked
in doubt,
No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.*

PLAY BALL, BILL.

Could Solomon wise, in word or deed,
Give better advice to a friend in need?
And oftentimes in Life's great game,
When trouble and worry around me came,
I thought of the catcher, and once more
heard

The voice of cheer and the helpful word,
And they served a mission and smoothed
my way,
As they helped his pal in the box that day.

*Get 'em over the plate, Bill! Play ball for fair!
Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go
up in the air!
Many a race has been landed, when it looked
in doubt,
No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.*



STORIES.

Since the days of Father Adam down to
the present time,
We've had the story-teller in every race
and clime.

Take David, for example, who caused
Goliath's fall,

And with his harp and well-told tales sub-
dued old mad King Saul.

Then came the wandering minstrel, along
the King's highway,

Who lightened many an aching heart with
song and roundelay.

His hour is brief who tells the tale and
soon, perchance, he lies

In some neglected churchyard, but the
story never dies.

The jester, too, with cap and bells and
many a mirthful tale,

Comes next with quick and merry prank,
his master to regale,

STORIES.

By cottage hearth, at wayside inn, around
the roaring fire,
We find the tale continued by the youth
and gray-haired sire.
The lover 'neath the casement of his lady's
sheltered bower
Pours forth sly Cupid's story, unmindful
of the hour.
And so down through the misty past, they
march an endless throng
With sunshine in their story and laughter
in their song.

*Stories! Stories! Stories! new and old.
Stories well related, stories badly told.
We hear them from the pulpit, on the street
and railway car.
At banquet, office, from the bench, in fact,
where'er we are.
So, as the story is the thing, to be right up to
date
I, too consign my humble share and leave the
rest to fate.*



